

NIGHTMARE ISLAND

(ISLAND OF THE LIVING DEAD)

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English adaptation by
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1 INT. HOSPITAL. ISLAND OF MATUL. DAY

(Following scene is part of an explanatory FLASHBACK which will be seen later in its entirety.)

We are in an old, bare sacristy with peeling walls. DETAIL a hand gripping an old-fashioned revolver.

After a moment's hesitation, the hand raises the gun, trembles, hesitates again...

DETAIL of the barrel aiming straight at CAMERA.

We barely perceive the movement of the hammer pulling back as the cylinder turning.

The DETONATION is sharp, frightening.

A few seconds, then the gun is released and falls to the floor. OVER SHOT of the gun lying on the floor we HEAR:

MENARD (OFF)

Tell the men on the boat they can leave.

2 BLACK SCREEN. MAINTITLES SUPERIMPOSED.

3 EXT. SAIL BOAT. HUDSON BAY. DAY

A sailboat's huge white sails flap in the wind in a way that immediately tells us there is something wrong.

- 3 The boat, a sleek thirty-six footer, cuts across the bay's waters, careening dangerously to one side.

The deck is deserted, and the immediate impression is that no one is on board.

The New York City skyline looms in the background.

The bay's increasing swells slap at the boat's side, tipping it even further.

A Coast Guard speedboat is rapidly approaching the unmanned sailboat.

- 4 EXT. DECK. SAILBOAT. HUDSON BAY. DAY

The deck of the boat is cluttered with various objects rolling and sliding back and forth as if they had been dropped in haste.

VARIOUS DETAILS from the deck: instruments, sails, rigging.

- 5 EXT. DECK. COAST GUARD SPEEDBOAT. BAY. DAY

Three men are aboard the speedboat. One man is piloting, the other two are in the prow observing the sailboat. They are wearing bright orange lifejackets over their uniforms.

5 One of the men in the prow is SHOUTING through a megaphone toward the sailboat:

FRANK

Ahoy there! You on the boat! Can you hear me?!

He waits a few seconds, then lowers the megaphone and turns to the man with him:

FRANK

No answer. That's funny...

The other man shrugs.

BILL

She looks abandoned. The question is : why?

Frank turns to the man at the helm:

FRANK

Can you pull up alongside her?

The man at the helm makes a face before replying:

HELMSMAN

I'll try, boys, but I can't guarantee you won't get duncked!

5 He begins the maneuver.

BILL

If she has been abandoned we're
going to get a nice little bonus
for bringing her in.

FRANK

You can say that again.

6 EXT. SPEEDBOAT & SAILBOAT. HUDSON BAY. DAY

The speedboat pulls up alongside the sailboat.

They remain side by side for a moment, then the speedboat
is pushed away by a swell.

She slowly moves back alongside until she touches the hull
of the sailboat, which looks as if it were about to keel over
on top of her.

The two Coast Guardsmen are quick to hook onto the sailboat
with grapnels, but the two boats are suddenly pulled apart
again before the men can board the runaway craft.

On the second try the maneuver succeeds. (Preceding
description of scene is approximate. Sequence should be fast-
paced, suspenseful, and gripping.)

7 EXT. DECK. SAILBOAT. HUDSON BAY. DAY

Out of breath and soaked from the splashing water, Bill and Frank manage to set foot onto the sailboat's deck.

FRANK

Watch out for the boom!

Swinging freely back and forth, the boom just misses Bill, who ducks just in time. He looks wide-eyed at Frank, who says

FRANK

I'll take care of the sails, you tie that damn thing down before it knocks our heads off!

Bill nods.

Using a knife, Frank quickly cuts the ropes holding the sails up. The sails collapse to the deck, covering Frank, who flail about beneath them.

Bill, meanwhile, has managed to grab the boom and is tying it down.

He sees Frank flailing beneath the sail and SHOUTS at him:

BILL

Come on, Frank, you're a lousy ghost.
Now come here and give me a hand!

- 7 Frank finally reappears from under the sails and pushes them into one heap as best as he can.

FRANK

I'm going to have a look below.

BILL

Okay, but hurry.

Frank walks over to the open hatchway that leads below deck.

8 INT. CABIN. DAY

Frank seen from below, silhouetted against the light in the open hatchway.

He pauses for a moment, then descends the few steps into the cabin.

The cabin interior is in an extreme state of disorder and permeated by a fetid stink. Frank wrinkles his nose in disgust.

There are, in fact, maggot-infested remains of food, but they alone cannot justify the overpowering stench.

Rolling about on the floor among navigational charts, personal effects, and other objects is a knee-cap, a human knee-cap which Frank picks up and stares at for a long moment.

8 When he finally guesses what it is, he is overcome with repulsion and fear and hurls it away from him. The knee-cap strikes the opposite wall with a sinister KNOCK.

9 EXT. DECK. SAILBOAT. HUDSON BAY. DAY

Bill is securing a cable which connects the sailboat's prow to a grapnel from the speedboat. He works meticulously, every now and then signalling the man at the speedboat's helm.

10 INT. CABIN. DAY

On his way to the stairs that lead back up to the deck, Frank passes the door separating the cabin from the auxiliary motor room. All of a sudden a hideous figure BURSTS through the door's wooden frame from within and grabs him by the legs.

Frank falls, momentarily too surprised to react.

Suddenly he feels a sharp pain in one of his legs. His aggressor - a half-naked Negro - has sunk his teeth into Frank's thigh, penetrating trouser and flesh. Frank SCREAMS in pain and tries to struggle free, but the Negro seems endowed with superhuman strength. He keeps Frank pinned to the cabin floor and proceeds to tear chunks of flesh out of him with his teeth.

10 Frank's blood spurts copiously, bright red.

The Negro is now going for his throat with animal fierceness.

Frank does what he can to keep the open mouth from biting him again, but the Negro's teeth are coming closer and closer...

Frank realizes he is about to die, torn to pieces by some crazed black man whose face is twisted into a diabolical grimace. The eyes are glassy and blood-red, the complexion has a greenish hue, and the teeth... The teeth sink inexorably into Frank's neck, biting through flesh and muscle.

Frank's feet kick out spasmodically as he lets out one last, dying SCREAM.

11 EXT. DECK. SAILBOAT. DAY

Bill wheels around to face the open hatchway.

He is about to run towards it when the gigantic Negro emerges onto the deck, and begins to advance. He walks stiffly, as if he had difficulty in keeping his balance, and his arms are stretched out in front of him.

But what Bill notices more than anything else is the blood smeared all over his face.

Instinctively, Bill begins to back away. He realizes the Negr

11 poses a threat, though he isn't sure what sort.

He pulls out his gun and aims it nervously at the black giant

BILL

Hold it right there... Don't move
any further...

But the Negro continues to advance with his slow, strangely
mechanical steps.

Bill stares at the twisted features, the head lolling to
one side as if...

But he doesn't let himself finish the thought and shakes his
gun at the man:

BILL

Hey, I told you to hold it... Stop!

The Negro ignores him. He is now only a few feet away from
Bill.

In what is almost a reflex action, Bill's index finger squeezes
the trigger.

Three sharp CRACKS, one after the other, as three bullets
penetrate the Negro's chest and knock him back from the force
of their momentum. He hits the railing, rolls over it, and

11 falls into the water.

The water's surface as it foams then closes over him.

12 EXT. MANHATTAN. DAY

SHOT of Manhattan from out on the water: the piers, the skyscrapers, the Verrazzano Bridge.

13 INT. CITY ROOM. NEWSPAPER OFFICES. DAY

The city room of a large newspaper. About thirty desks lined up in rows of two. People typing, others on the telephone, others moving back and forth among the desks. The typical animation before "going to print".

CAMERA ISOLATES the chief editor, whose title is visible on the triangular block of wood lying among the papers cluttering his desk. A middle-aged, heavysset man with a cynical, self-confident expression, he is presently in his shirtsleeves and talking on the telephone:

CHIEF EDITOR

Where's the boat now?... Which one?

He jots down a pier number on a pad.

13

CHIEF EDITOR

(continuing)

Okay, I'll send someone over right away. Oh, and thanks for the tip.

He hangs up, swings around in his swivel chair, and eyes the vast room for a moment.

CHIEF EDITOR

West!

The man who looks up quickly is young, around thirty, and dressed informally in corduroy trousers and a tweed jacket with suede elbow patches. This is Peter West, who gives the impression of being the amiable, carefree type.

WEST

Yes, Chief...?

The chief editor beckons to him with an index finger.

West leaves the two people he was talking to and walks over to the chief editor's desk.

CHIEF EDITOR

You busy?

WEST

That depends...

13

CHIEF EDITOR

Then grab a car and get your ass
down to...

(a quick glance at his notes)

... Pier 11.

WEST

Something big?

CHIEF EDITOR

I don't know... Have a look, sniff
around, find out what you can.

West grins, almost sardonically.

WEST

Sure...

CHIEF EDITOR

Bear in mind that we're going to
print in less than two hours so
don't go chasing after the first
piece of tail that happens to
walk by...

WEST

Right.

He wiggles his fingers in farewell and walks off as the chief

13 editor turns to answer his phone, which has already been RINGING for several seconds.

14 EXT. SAILBOAT. PIER. DAY

The sailboat is docked at one of the port's peripheral pier

Several cars are parked on the pier, a couple of them bearing the insignia of the New York Police Department.

Two uniformed policemen stand guard at the gangplank to keep anyone from boarding the sailboat.

Two more stand further away, keeping back a small crowd of curiosity-seekers.

Four men can be glimpsed on the boat's deck. One of them is a photographer whose flash bulbs are continually popping.

15 INT. CABIN. DAY

On the cabin floor Frank's body has been replaced by a chalk outline.

MAN'S VOICE (OFF)

Well, Miss Bowles?

15. Miss Bowles is a pretty blonde girl in her mid-twenties with striking green eyes and an attractive body.

ANN BOWLES

Yes, it is my father's boat.

There is a certain tenseness in her voice.

The man who has been questioning her continues:

MAN

Where is your father now?

Ann holds his piercing gaze for a moment, then looks at the other two policemen in the room with her.

ANN

I don't know... Actually, I was hoping you could tell me that. I haven't heard from him in over a month.

2ND MAN

When did you see him for the last time?

Ann turns to look at him. He is younger than the first man and appears to be more nervous.

ANN

Three months ago, when he set sail for the Antilles, to join some friends.

15

2ND MAN

The Antilles?!

Ann, who is beginning to get nervous herself, turns back to the older man:

he older

ANN

Will someone please tell me what the hell has happened?!

1ST MAN

We already have. A black man hiding on the boat, which was adrift, killed a member of the Coast Guard.

ANN

Yes, but what about my father?
Where is he? Has something happened to him?

2ND MAN

That's what we'd like to know too, Miss Bowles.

16 EXT. SAILBOAT. PIER. DAY

Peter West pushes his way through the crowd and tries to get past the police cordon.

16 One of the policemen, however, grabs him by the arm. West smiles at him:

WEST

Press.

POLICEMAN

I don't give a damn. My orders are not to let anyone through.

WEST

But that's why orders are given:
so they can be broken.

The policeman is not amused.

POLICEMAN

Forget it, pal. Now get back there
with everyone else.

Peter grumbles something, and, as he lets himself be sucked back into the crowd, his gaze runs to the deck of the sailboat, where Ann has appeared, together with the three men who were with her in the cabin.

A few seconds later she is walking down the gangplank followed by two of the men, one of which is the older man who is obviously heading the investigation.

16 He also happens to be an old acquaintance of Peter's.
The reporter calls out to him, gesticulating:

WEST

Harry!... Hey, Harry!

The older man looks up and spots Peter among the crowd.
He is unable to suppress a comment to his colleague:

HARRY

Christ, it's West! What a pain in
the ass...!

As Ann hurries away, the policeman walks over to Peter.

HARRY

What are you doing here?

WEST

(smiles)

Just passing by... Who's the dynamite
blonde who just got off the boat?

HARRY

(heaves a sigh)

Dynamite blonde? I didn't see any
dynamite blonde...

WEST

Come on, Harry...

16

HARRY

Ann Bowles.

WEST

Is she involved in this?

HARRY

No...

WEST

Then why is she--

The policeman puts a hand on Peter's shoulder and interrupts him sharply:

HARRY

Not now, West... Come on over to the precinct a little later and we'll issue a statement. Now go on, get lost. And don't go playing Dick Tracy; that's my job.

He gives Peter a wink and walks off.

Peter bites his lip, glances at the boat, then turns to gaze after Ann Bowles, a small figure receding in the distance.

Peter hurries after her.

17 EXT. MORGUE. EVENING

The building that houses one of the city's morgues.

18 INT. AUTOPSY ROOM. MORGUE. EVENING

Dr. Fink, a small, elderly man, is helped into his surgical gloves by his female assistant, Dr. Pfeiffer.

DR. FINK

I still don't understand what the hurry is.

DR. PFEIFFER

Neither do I. All I know is there have been two more calls from the District Attorney's office.

Meanwhile, they have approached an examining table with a nude, male cadaver on it.

We are in an autopsy room at the morgue. Harsh lighting, spotless white tile, eight marble slabs, a few of which are occupied by cadavers.

The one which Dr. Fink and his assistant have approached is that of Frank, the Coast Guardsman who was killed by the Negro aboard the sailboat.

18

DR. FINK

They must have their reasons...Have
you already examined him, Helen?

They observe the stiff, colorless cadaver.

DR. PFEIFFER

Just a quick look. Apparent cause
of death is a massive hemorrhage
due to a laceration of the jugular...

While she speaks, Dr. Fink's expert fingers touch the grisly
wound disfiguring Frank's neck.

DR. FINK

Hmmm... Any hypothesis as to the
cause?

He looks up at the woman, who shakes her head.

DR. FINK

And yet the markings - as incredible
as they might seem - speak for them-
selves. Take a good look...

Dr. Pfeiffer examines the wound closely, following the
indications made by the medical examiner's index finger.

18

DR. PFEIFFER

They look like teeth marks from one
or more bites, but...

DR. FINK

Precisely. Hand me the scalpel.

She turns to take the instrument from a metal basin on a
trolley next to the table. At the same time, Dr. Fink shifts
his gaze to the cadaver's thorax, searching for the right
spot to begin the incision.

Both doctors are distracted, or rather, absorbed in what they
are doing, which is why neither one of them notices the slight
muscular contraction that moves the fingers on the right hand
of the corpse.

19 EXT. SAILBOAT. PIER. NIGHT

The policeman on guard gets rid of his cigarette-butt and
keeps moving in an effort to get warm and stay awake.
He walks a few feet away from the boat and stops in a dark
spot on the pier. After looking around to make sure he is
alone, he unzips his fly and starts to pee into the water
below.

He is too concentrated on what he is doing to notice the
figure that emerges furtively from the shadows and hurries
soundlessly up the gangplank, boarding the sailboat.

20 EXT. DECK. SAILBOAT. PIER. NIGHT

The shadowy figure climbs over the railing and flattens itself against the deck, remaining motionless for a moment.

A glint of Ann's blonde hair in the moonlight.

Once she is sure the policeman hasn't seen her, she carefully slips through the hatchway and goes below.

She reaches the cabin door, which is closed, and has trouble opening it until it finally gives with a sinister CREAK.

Ann freezes, afraid the policeman might have heard. She waits, listening.

Nothing happens, so she disappears into the dark cabin.

21 INT. CABIN. NIGHT

Ann pauses in the middle of the cabin, letting her eyes get used to the darkness.

Little by little she manages to discern the interior and its furnishings. She can also see the remains of the door to the auxiliary engine room and the chalk outline where Frank's body was found.

Not even knowing why herself, she is overcome by a shiver of momentary fear.

21 SHOT of Ann, FRAMED from inside the auxiliary engine room, through the door's splintered remains.

She moves to the side of the room opposite the bunks, where there is a shelf with several boxes on it.

She opens them one by one, but doesn't find anything. On her way back across the cabin she stops in front of the broken door to the auxiliary engine room and looks for something on a shelf that is at eye-level.

SHOT of Ann's legs, SEEN from inside the auxiliary engine room

She moves again, and just as she reaches the bunks, which are situated one above the other, something leaps out of the bottom one:

PETER WEST

Hello there!

Scared out of her wits, Ann's first instinct is to scream, but Peter has already clamped a hand over her mouth.

PETER

No... Don't scream.

Her eyes are staring at him, wide with terror.

21

PETER

(continuing)

There's nothing to be afraid of. I'm
a reporter. My name's Peter West...

I'm going to take my hand away now
so don't scream, okay...?

He hesitates a few seconds then lets her go. Ann gasps for
breath.

PETER

You alright?

ANN

(nodding)

Yes, I think so...

PETER

I'm sorry I frightened you, but if
I hadn't've done that you would have
screamed for sure and our friend out
there would have been on to both of us.

He nods toward the wall, meaning the policeman on the pier.

Ann stares at him, still not completely reassured.

ANN

Who are you and what are you doing
on my father's boat?

21

PETER

I told you. My name's West. I'm a reporter. I've been following you since this afternoon... Tonight, when I followed you here, I realized where you were going and beat you to it while you were playing cat and mouse with that cop. I used a rowboat.

ANN

How clever. Professional curiosity, then?

PETER

The police version doesn't convince me. I guess it doesn't convince you either otherwise you wouldn't be here. What are you looking for?

ANN

You've got a hell of a nerve, you know that?!

He grins, and looks her up and down in the semi-darkness.

PETER

You're not so bad yourself.

21

ANN

(impatiently)

Please!

PETER

Let me put it this way then: I've got some information. You've probably got some too, so why don't we throw it all together and see what we can come up with...?

ANN

Because I don't trust you.

PETER

Typical female attitude.

ANN

Typical male remark.

PETER

Perhaps, except that I'm making you an honest offer. Also because I've already found what you're looking for.

He holds up a piece of folded paper. In her effort to get her hands on it, Ann knocks something over. It hits the floor with a loud NOISE.

22 EXT. SAILBOAT. PIER. NIGHT

Hearing the noise, the policeman wheels around to stare at the boat.

He tenses, suddenly suspicious, and brings a hand to his holster as he slowly approaches the gangplank.

23 INT. CABIN. NIGHT

Ann looks at Peter in dismay.

PETER

You idiot!

Ann bites her lip.

ANN

What'll we do now?

A CREAKING NOISE on deck tells them that the policeman has already come on board.

PETER

Sssh! Let me think...

ANN

Okay, but hurry!

23

PETER

It's your fault and now you're giving orders... Wait, I've got an idea...!

Ann looks at him reproachfully:

ANN

It's about time...

PETER

But I'm going to need your help, unless you want to explain to some judge what you were doing aboard your father's boat in the middle of the night...

ANN

I'm beginning to suspect that between you and a blackmailer there's not much dif-

PETER

(interrupting)

Sssh! Now just do what I tell you.

24 EXT. DECK. SAILBOAT. PIER. NIGHT

The policeman has entered the hatchway and is making his way

24 down the steps, his flashlight in his left hand, his gun in his right.

He reaches the entrance to the cabin and shines the light inside.

Caught in the beam of light are two figures, arms around one another, mouths locked in a passionate kiss.

The policeman is frightened for a split-second, until he realizes what they are doing and smiles:

POLICEMAN

(murmuring to himself)

Hmmmm... Well I'll be damned...!

Ann and Peter turn to face him with feigned surprise and sheepish expressions. Ann quickly smooths her clothing.

POLICEMAN

(trying to sound stern)

Don't give me the usual story...

PETER

Actually, officer...

POLICEMAN

I knew it: the usual story.

Ann, deserving an Oscar, starts to cry softly:

24

ANN

(to Peter)

It's all your fault... You realize that, don't you...?

(to policeman: almost shouting)

This wasn't my idea, it was his.
Besides, damp air ruins my hairdo.

Peter makes a face, as if he were barely able to hold his temper:

PETER

Listen to her, Miss Goddy Twoshoes...
It wasn't her idea... It's all my
fault... Who was the one who insisted
on a romantic setting? Down by the
water? I would have settled for an
empty boxcar.

ANN

(shouting hysterically)

No! Never again! You're not getting
me in another boxcar!

Peter turns to the policeman.

PETER

She takes after her mother: They're
both bananas!

24.

ANN

You keep my mother out of this
unless you want a bloody nose!

Fed up with their duet, the policeman intervenes with an
angry SHOUT:

POLICEMAN

Alright, that's enough! Now go on,
get out of here! Both of you!

PETER

Yes, Officer... Right away, Officer...

As Peter pushes her toward the hatchway, Ann manages to chirp:

ANN

Good-night, Officer...

POLICEMAN

Out of my sight!

They hurry up the stairs followed by the policeman's gruff gla

25 EXT. MANHATTAN. NIGHT

SHOT of Manhattan, SEEN from the water.

Skyscrapers looming in silhouette, twinkling lights, etc.

26 EXT. BEACH. NIGHT

The ocean.

Small waves breaking in the moonlight.

A stretch of whitish sand. A Coca-Cola bottle, semi-submerged; scraps of paper; crumpled cigarette packets.

Bordering the beach, silent and cold metal structures beyond which can be felt the city's presence.

A turbulence on the water's surface, followed by a sudden bubbling.

A dark, slimy hulk slowly emerges, dripping water and mud. It is the gigantic Negro who killed the Coast Guardsman. The bullet holes in his body are still visible.

He staggers onto the beach and starts across it, his dragging feet leaving a wet furrow in the sand.

He is moving towards the city, which is outlined and twinkling in the distance ahead of him.

The city's skyline is gradually blocked out by the Negro's massive back as he trudges on, and the general sensation is that of some ghastly and imminent threat.

27 INT. SODA FOUNTAIN. DRUGSTORE. NIGHT

Peter and Ann enter an all-night drugstore and head for the

27 soda fountain, which is populated by about half a dozen weird-looking types.

They make their way towards a corner table at the back, far from the LOUD TALKING and NOISE from the jukebox.

As soon as they have sat down Peter raises a hand in the waiter's direction and SHOUTS:

PETER

Two coffees!

(to Ann, with a smile)

You're not a bad kisser...

ANN

Oh shut up!

PETER

I'm beginning to suspect you don't like me very much...

Ann shrugs, lights herself a cigarette, then looks him straight in the eye.

ANN

Are you going to show me what you found?

Peter fishes in his pocket and pulls out the folded piece of paper he had showed her on the boat.

27

PETER

It's from your father.

Ann takes it, unfolds it, and reads it quickly, half out loud:

ANN

"For my daughter Ann in case anything should happen to me. Due to my morbid curiosity I have managed to contract a strange disease. They are taking care of me as if I were some sort of guinea pig, but I know that I'll never leave this island again, at least not alive. I haven't been a good father, but I have always loved you. One last kiss from... Dad".

Ann looks up at Peter, her eyes welling with tears.

ANN

"Matul, September 15th..."

The waiter suddenly appears with their coffees.

WAITER

Anything else?

Peter shakes his head:

27

PETER

No, thanks.

He waits until the waiter has walked away.

PETER

I guess Matul is the name of the island he's talking about...

Ann stares at him in silence, but it is as if she were looking through him.

PETER

I'm sure there's some connection that ties it all together: your father, the disease he mentions, the boat, the black man who killed the Coast Guardsman...

Ann lowers her head, either about to cry or doing everything she can to keep from crying. Peter reaches across the table and wraps his hand around hers.

PETER

It's not certain that your father...
I mean... maybe he's alright now...

Ann looks up at him through her tears.

27

ANN

Don't waste words...

PETER

Our coffees are getting cold.

Ann shrugs, then looks around: from the two black guys next to the jukebox, to the group of "freaks" at a table, TALKING LOUDLY and gesticulating, to the only two normal-looking individuals, probably taxi drivers on the night shift, who are gazing at the group with contempt.

Ann looks at Peter again.

ANN

I want to go to that island. I want to know if my father is dead or alive.

Peter nods, then gets up, saying:

PETER

I have to make a phone call.

He walks over to the telephone booth and steps inside.

Ann is left alone at the table.

A bright-eyed black dude in an incredible outfit walks over

27 to her and holds up some colored necklaces.

BLACK MAN

You like 'em?

Ann looks at him, at the necklaces, then shakes her head.
The black man insists:

BLACK MAN

You just tell me what you like, I
got it. You want an Indian dress?
Swiss watches, Siamese cats, grass,
silk ties, dirty movies... Huh, baby?
What do you need? Some appliances?
How 'bout a fridge? Or a color TV?
I got some Chinese tea cups. You
ask for it, I'll furnish it. I
know all; I have all; and I sell all!

Ann gazes at the strange, black hippy-type, and can't help
liking him, with his determination to sell her something at
all costs.

ANN

I don't need anything.

BLACK MAN

Impossible, baby... We always need
something. Think a minute.

27 Peter comes back to the table and the black man moves away in a hurry.

PETER

Was he bothering you?

ANN

No.

PETER

Well.... I talked to my paper.

The story interests them.

Ann looks at him blankly; her thoughts having returned to her father's letter.

ANN

I'm sorry, I don't understand...

Peter smiles at her.

PETER

I said they're interested in the story. The newspaper I work for. They've given me a week to go to Matul and find out what this is all about.

ANN

Really?

28 INT. TERMINAL. KENNEDY AIRPORT. DAY

A crowded air terminal. Arriving passengers criss-crossing departing ones in an atmosphere of total chaos, which is punctuated by sporadic flight ANNOUNCEMENTS over the public address system.

29 INT. DEPARTURE GATE. TERMINAL. DAY

Among the passengers filing through a departure gate we see Ann and Peter.

30 EXT. RUNWAY. KENNEDY AIRPORT. DAY

An airplane rolls down the runway, picking up speed, then finally lifts off and begins to climb into the sky.

31 EXT. BEACH. ROAD. ISLAND IN LESSER ANTILLES. DAY

A long stretch of golden beach lapped at by the Caribbean Sea.

A group of black girls and boys playing improvised musical instruments and dancing on the sand. The MUSIC is dominated by a frenzied DRUMBEAT.

A wide, tree-lined road runs along the inland edge of the

31 beach. The only vehicle in sight is an old, slow-moving taxi.

32 INT./EXT. MOVING TAXI. ROAD. DAY

&

33 In the back seat of the taxi are Ann and Peter, who have just got off the airplane.

Ann seems drained from the trip and the torrid tropical climate. Peter is suffering from the heat as well.

PETER

(to Ann)

Is it okay with you if - before going to the hotel - we look for a boat that'll get us to the island?

Ann nods slowly, continuing to gaze out the window at the sea.

ANN

Whatever you think is best.

Peter leans forward to address the driver, an old black man:

PETER

Do you know anybody who could rent us a boat?

The driver gives him a quick glance.

32
&
33

DRIVER

A boat, senor? Impossible. Nobody
rents boats here.

PETER

We must go to Matul. It's very
important... I'm willing to pay
whatever it costs.

He shoves a handful of money under the driver's nose.

DRIVER

Perhaps there is a possibility,
senor. There are two Americans who
are leaving soon for a tour of the
islands. You could ask them to
take you.

He follows this with a conspiratorial wink at Peter through
the rearview mirror.

34 EXT. PORT. DAY

Among the boats docked at the small pier is what looks like
a large fishing boat - 20 to 30 feet long - with a raised
cabin in the middle.

On the boat is a blonde girl wearing faded cut-offs and a

34 blouse tied above her navel. She is a photographer and her name is Susan Parker: around 30, the emancipated type, slender well-tanned body of someone used to living outdoors.

On the pier, facing the boat and working with some oil drums, is a young man, also around 30. Smiling eyes, full beard, chest scorched by the sun. His name is Brian Hall, and he is an ethnologist.

He is handing the drums, one by one, to Susan.

BRIAN

Two more, Sue, and we're finished.

SUSAN

You still want to leave this afternoon?

Brian looks up at the sky.

BRIAN

Sure... if the weather holds.

He shifts his gaze back to Susan.

BRIAN

Did you check the radio?

Susan nods as she stows the drums as best she can among the other supplies.

34

SUSAN

Mm-hmm.

She suddenly stops, looking at something behind Brian.
He turns.

Peter and Ann are standing on the pier.

PETER

(with a friendly smile)

Hi...

Brian smiles back. Peter sticks out his hand.

BRIAN

Hi.

PETER

My name's Peter West, and this is
Ann Bowles.

Brian gestures toward Susan.

BRIAN

Susan Parker... And I'm Brian Hall.
What can we do for you?

PETER

Well... I've been told you two are
(CONT.)

34

PETER (cont.)

about to leave for a tour of the
islands...

Brian passes the last drum to Susan then steps closer to
Peter and Ann.

BRIAN

That's right. Two months of sun and
sea. And islands, of course.

PETER

We want to go to Matul to look for
Ann's father. She hasn't heard from
him in quite a while.

BRIAN

Matul?!... Everyone's been avoiding
it for the past year. They say there's
a curse on it.

PETER

We have to go there all the same.

Brian cuts him short, realizing what he wants:

BRIAN

And you'd like us to take you...?

34 Peter looks at him for a moment, then:

PETER

If possible...

BRIAN

You know anything about boats?

Peter nods.

Brian indicates Ann:

BRIAN

What about her?

ANN

I was born on one.

BRIAN

Good... We leave in three hours. As little baggage as possible, and see to your own provisions... Okay?

PETER

Okay!

BRIAN

One thing: We drop you off and that's it. We're not stopping... I'm not superstitious, but...!

34 As the two men shake hands on it, Susan picks up one of her cameras and takes a picture of the three of them standing on the pier.

SHOT of Peter, Brian, and Ann SEEN through Susan's viewfinder.

QUICK CUT TO:

35 INT. RADIO ROOM. MENARD'S COTTAGE. DAY

From the CLICK of Susan's shutter release to the CLICK of the switch on a radio transmitter as a man's hand (DETAIL) turns it on.

MENARD (OFF)

Matul calling Guadalupa One... Matul
calling Guadalupa One... This is Dr.
Menard... Come in, Guadalupa One...

Next to the radio is a gun, which we recognize as the one used in the first scene.

The man at the radio is Dr. Menard, a biologist. He is a youthful 50 with silvery hair and a face that has been honed by the Caribbean sun.

35

MENARD

(insisting)

Come in, Guadalupe One... Come in!

He makes a gesture of impatience then, hearing a noise, he turns.

A woman has appeared in the open doorway. Though only in her early forties, her beauty has already faded and she is prey to numerous nervous tics. This is Paola, Menard's wife. She wears a lightweight, flowered housecoat; her eyes are dilated and she continually clenches and unclenches her hands.

PAOLA

Still no luck...?

Before replying, Menard studies his wife for a long, silent moment, then shakes his head:

MENARD

No. And I think it's useless to keep trying.

PAOLA

(with a hint of anxiety)

Then we're cut off from the rest of the world...?

35

MENARD

(controlling his impatience)

Don't start getting paranoid again,
please, Paola...

PAOLA

I want to leave this place...Right now!

MENARD

Right now isn't possible. The radio
isn't working and---

PAOLA

(interrupts, with mounting
agitation)

How convenient for you. I wouldn't
be surprised if you broke it on
purpose...!

MENARD

You're tired...

PAOLA

Go to hell!

She turns and walks out.

36 INT. FRONT ROOM. MENARD'S COTTAGE. DAY

Paola is in the front room. She pours herself a stiff drink and downs it in one swallow.

Menard walks in as she is filling the glass again.

They look at one another, then she watches him head for the low table where he has left his doctor's kit. He picks it up.

PAOLA

Are you leaving?

MENARD

Yes, I have to go back to the hospital.

PAOLA

Have they found another one?

Menard doesn't answer right away. Paola walks up to him, aggressively:

PAOLA

They have, haven't they? Tell the truth!

MENARD

Calm down.

36

PAOLA

Where did they find this one?

Her eyes are slightly glassy.

MENARD

You're already drunk. As usual.

PAOLA

I asked you a question.

Menard HUFFS in exasperation.

MENARD

On the other side of the island.

PAOLA

When will they reach this side?

Tell me! When? When!?

Menard takes the glass out of her hand. She tries to react. But he is stronger and pushes her until she falls - sitting - into a wicker armchair.

PAOLA

I hate you!

MENARD

You don't know what you're saying.
Your nerves are shot, that's all.

36

PAOLA

You'd like that, wouldn't you?...
You'd like to be able to pass me off
as crazy... Apart from a handful of
superstitious natives, I'm the only
one who knows what you're doing...
But don't think I'm going to keep my
mouth shut! I'm going to tell every-
one that you're the one who's crazy,
a demented ghoul who's meddling
with---

He stops her with a slap. She looks at him, seething.

MENARD

(icily)

I'm going. If you need me I'll be at
the hospital.

She suddenly begins to LAUGH. Hysterically.

PAOLA

Hospital?! You still see yourself
as the scientist you once were,
don't you? Well you're not! You're
no better than one of their witch-
doctors!

36

MENARD

Hold your tongue, woman! The research
I'm conducting is---

PAOLA

(interrupting)

Research, hah! You call fooling around
with superstitions and voodoo rites
research?

MENARD

You know full well it is more than just
superstition. We wouldn't be here if
it weren't.

PAOLA

I don't give a damn! I don't want to
stay on this island one more hour.
I have no desire to meet up with
one of your zombies!

MENARD

As soon as I've understood the
phenomenon, we'll leave.

PAOLA

I don't believe you. I don't believe
anything you say anymore.

36 Menard heads for the door.

MENARD

Do as you like, just don't get in my way.

37 EXT. MENARD COTTAGE. ISLAND OF MATUL. DAY

Menard steps out onto the verandah, crosses it, and heads towards the black man who is trimming some tropical plants in the garden.

MENARD

Miguel...

The man, somewhat old but still powerful-looking, stops what he is doing and hurries respectfully over to Menard.

MIGUEL

Si, señor...?

Menard hesitates, turns to glance at the cottage, then turns back to Miguel:

MENARD

Keep an eye on my wife. Don't leave her by herself, not even for a minute.

37

MIGUEL

(nodding)

Està bien... Miguel understands...

Don't worry, señor...

Menard gives him a grateful pat on the shoulder.

MENARD

I won't be long.

Miguel flashes his white teeth in a smile and watches Menard walk over to his Range Rover and climb in behind the wheel.

A moment later the vehicle is moving away down a dirt road lined on both sides with thick vegetation.

38 EXT. PORT. ISLAND IN LESSER ANTILLES. DAY

The boat pulls slowly away from the pier and heads for the open sea.

Moving about on deck are Peter, Ann, Susan, and Brian.

The boat grows smaller and smaller in the distance until it is a dot that disappears over the horizon.

39 IMAGE THROUGH A MICROSCOPE

DETAIL of a strange group of abnormal, greenish cells moving sluggishly in all directions.

40 INT. DR. MENARD'S OFFICE. HOSPITAL. DAY

A small, unadorned room with whitewashed walls that are already crusty.

Half-closed shutters filter in the blinding tropical sunlight

The sole furnishings are: a metal filing cabinet, a lamp, the inevitable overhead fan, and a desk.

Dr. Menard is seated at the desk, peering through a microscope. He straightens up, jots something down on a pad, then reaches into a metal basin and takes out a syringe.

With professional dexterity he finds the vein in the hollow of his arm and inserts the needle into it.

DETAIL of the needle digging beneath the skin, piercing the vein, then sucking out a syringe-full of frothy, crimson blood

Menard lets a few drops drip onto the glass slide beneath the microscope then bends down to look through again.

41. IMAGE THROUGH A MICROSCOPE

The previously sluggish cells ravenously attack the blood, devouring it in a matter of seconds and becoming much more energetic.

42 EXT. OPEN SEA. DAY

SHOT of the boat moving slowly across the vast expanse of water. As far as the eye can see there is nothing but ocean.

43 EXT. BOAT. OPEN SEA. DAY

Ann turns to Brian, who is at the helm.

ANN

We certainly were lucky to find you two.

BRIAN

Yeah, except that I can't seem to find this island of yours...

Peter, who has been studying a nautical map, brings it over to them and points to a spot on it:

43

PETER

We should be somewhere around here,
right?

Brian glances at the map, then nods:

BRIAN

Mm-hmm, more or less.

PETER

According to the map there are no
islands for the next fifty miles.

BRIAN

Not necessarily... Sometimes there
are coral reefs which aren't shown
but which everyone knows about. The
last two islands we visited aren't
on all the maps.

PETER

(to Ann)

It's like the needle in the haystack.

Ann looks at him almost pleadingly.

ANN

You don't want to go back, do you?

43

PETER

No. We'll find Matul. That's a promise.

BRIAN

Don't count on us too much. I've got classes starting at the university in two months.

Susan steps out of the cabin.

SUSAN

Well, we could always sell them the boat, couldn't we...?

BRIAN

That's an idea.

Susan was in the cabin preparing her camera for some underwater shots. She gives it one last check, then turns to the others:

SUSAN

If no one minds, I'm going to go for a swim...

BRIAN

Go ahead. We'll have some lunch.

43. He turns off the engine, letting the boat drift.

Susan - quickly and unabashedly - takes off her blouse. She is wearing nothing underneath, and her breasts are firm and well-tanned.

Peter looks at her without a word.

Ann looks at Peter, as if she were studying his reaction.

The only one who doesn't seem to be interested in Susan's tits is Brian, who is opening some cans for lunch. He sniffs the contents of one.

BRIAN

Mmmmm... Delicious...!

Susan, meanwhile, has taken off her shorts as well. She is completely naked now. We barely have time to ascertain that she is a real blonde before she jumps into the water with her camera and disappears beneath the surface.

Brian is forced to call to them to get their attention:

BRIAN

Hey you two, lunch is ready!

44 UNDERWATER SEQUENCE

Susan swims along agilely about three meters below the surface.

44 Below and around her, the underwater splendor of a tropical sea. Incredible-looking flora and fish. Amazing colors. An unforgettable sight.

And Susan becomes a show within the show as her naked body glides past schools of multicolored fish.

She takes a few photographs then heads for the surface.

We see her emerge.

45 EXT. OPEN SEA. BOAT. ISLAND. DAY

Susan comes up for air about ten meters away from the boat.

She raises an arm and waves.

Ann and Brian wave back.

She disappears below the surface again.

Peter shakes his head, then turns to Brian:

PETER

Interesting girl...

BRIAN

Who, Susan?... Yes. She's one of the best photographers I know, and the

(CONT)

45

BRIAN (cont.)

craziest. If it weren't for her, my essay on tropical civilizations would have been written without moving my ass from behind my desk...

ANN (OFF)

Look!

The two men turn to look in the direction she is pointing.

ANN

Over there, where the mist is clearing...

About a mile beyond the boat's prow a bank of fog is slowly dispersing to reveal a dark mass.

BRIAN

It looks like an island.

PETER

It sure does. And something tells me it's Matul!

46 UNDERWATER SEQUENCE

The sleek, silvery outline of a shark suddenly swims into

46 view behind Susan.

She doesn't see it; she is too busy photographing a medusae.

The huge fish circles her.

Susan senses the danger and looks up as the shadow passes over her. The shark is white and enormous.

Terrified, her first instinct is to swim to the surface. But cold logic forces her to remain motionless and wait. Sharks are more likely to attack a swimmer during emersion, going for the legs.

The shark circles her again, so close this time that if she reached out she could touch it.

As soon as it starts to swim away, Susan heads for the surface.

Aware of the movement, the shark turns sharply, ready to attack, and, with a powerful tail stroke, lunges forward and up.

47 EXT. OPEN SEA. BOAT. DAY

Susan breaks the surface in a burst of bubbles.

SUSAN

Brian! Help!

47 The three on the boat turn to look.

At first they don't realize what is happening, then Peter spots the triangular fin cutting through the water.

PETER

Jesus, a shark!

BRIAN

There's a carbine in the cabin. Quick!

As Peter rushes to get it, Brian keeps an anxious eye on Susan while advising Ann:

BRIAN

Get in the cabin, Ann. He could attack us, and this tub's not too sturdy!

As Ann heads for the cabin, Peter hurries back out with the carbine and stops next to Brian.

PETER

Here!

Susan, meanwhile, has dived back under.

Brian steadies the carbine and starts firing towards the fin, which is heading straight for the boat.

47 The shark evidently passes beneath the keel because the boat shudders so violently that both men are knocked off their feet.

48 UNDERWATER SEQUENCE

Susan looks for a hiding place in the opening of a coral cluster.

The shark swims past her less than a meter away.

Staying close to the coral, Susan tries to slip away.

All of a sudden something touches her. She turns and her eyes widen at the nightmarish sight.

Emerging from an opening in the coral is the corpse of a male Negro, the face devastated by the horror of death.

The arms - perhaps moved by the current - wrap themselves around Susan's naked body.

With a kick of her feet Susan quickly swims free and heads for the surface, just as the shark approaches.

The fish attacks the corpse, biting off an arm.

The corpse, however, unexpectedly reacts and with his teeth tears open a wide gash in the shark's soft white belly.

The shark's deadly tail swings this way and that in violent

48 spasms.

The churning water turns red.

49 EXT. OPEN SEA. BOAT. DAY

Susan re-emerges next to the boat.

Peter reaches over the side for her:

PETER

Hurry!

She grabs his hands and a second later is on the deck, terrified, out of breath, but alive and in one piece.

Ann, who has come out of the cabin with a blanket, hands it to Susan, who is trembling. She wraps it around herself and sits huddled in one corner.

Brian, meanwhile, starts the engine up, after handing the rifle to Peter.

BRIAN

Aim at about half a meter in front
of the fin.

49

SUSAN

(half-whisper)

There was... there was a man down
there...

They all turn to look at her.

PETER

What?!

SUSAN

A man... a black man... He saved
me from the shark...

BRIAN

A skindiver, you mean.

Susan shakes her head. He stare is locked on a point in space
still filled with the horror of her experience.

SUSAN

(in shock)

No... I don't know what he was...
I was so petrified and... it all
happened so fast... I...

50 EXT. HOSPITAL (OLD CHURCH). DAY

The hospital on the island of Matul is, in reality, an old

50. converted church.

The structure, built over a century ago, rises next to a cluster of thick vegetation a short distance from a native fishing village made up of wooden and straw huts.

51. INT. HOSPITAL (OLD CHURCH). DAY

The nave of the church has been turned into a ward. White-washed and spotless, it contains about ten beds, half of which are occupied by blacks.

The first thing one notices is that they are tied to the beds by their wrists and ankles. Each one is being fed intravenously, hooked up to a plasma drip.

Menard, assisted by a black girl, is examining a patient whose condition looks particularly serious.

The patient, a young Negro who couldn't be more than twenty, is ashen, covered in sweat, and shivering violently. His eyes are rolled all the way back, showing nothing but the whites.

When he is through, Menard shakes his head and turns to his assistant:

MENARD:

I doubt if he'll be alive tomorrow morning.

51

ASSISTANT

What shall I do?

MENARD

Move him into the sacristy so the others won't see him. It will only frighten them. And make sure he's well-tied. I'll take care of the rest...

He pauses, rubs his forehead with a sigh, then heads for another patient just as a young, muscular black man appears in the doorway. He seems nervous and alarmed:

LUCAS

Doctor... Doctor!

Menard turns to look at him.

MENARD

What is it, Lucas?

LUCAS

The natives. They have gone away. All of them. They have abandoned the village!

Menard walks over to him.

51

MENARD

Not here... Outside.

(to his assistant)

I'll be right back, Clara.

ASSISTANT

Yes, Doctor.

But before stepping outside Menard stops short, as if struck by a sudden thought.

MENARD

Has my wife shown up?

ASSISTANT

No, Doctor.

Menard nods, then walks out of the building with Lucas.

52 EXT. HOSPITAL (OLD CHURCH). VILLAGE. DAY

The two men walk toward the village.

MENARD

Well, what happened?

Lucas reaches into the pocket of his jacket, which is wrinkled and dirty beyond measure, and pulls out a small flask, from

52 which he takes a long swallow.

LUCAS

I don't know. About an hour ago there was a lot of excitement. The witch doctor was here, the new one, and he was ranting and raving as if possessed by all the Devils in Hell...

MENARD

(softly)
Idiot!

LUCAS

Everyone went crazy and started running back and forth. Then they gathered up their things and disappeared.

MENARD

Where did they go?

LUCAS

Inland. To make voodoo, I think.

MENARD

Voodoo!... Imbeciles. As if that's going to solve anything!

Lucas stares at Menard, frightened:

52

LUCAS

Doctor, they're afraid. Very afraid.

Menard looks at him, then walks on:

MENARD

You too, Lucas?

Meanwhile, they have reached the edge of the village.

The huts are few and in a sorry state. Everywhere, the signs of a hasty departure.

Menard and Lucas walk along the main path.

We are given the impression that someone is spying on them from inside one of the huts.

A door CREAKS ominously. A scrap of paper is picked up by the wind and flutters away.

53 EXT. OPEN SEA. BOAT. ISLAND. SUNSET

A spellbinding sunset, with the fiery, purplis globe reflected in the water.

The boat is less than a mile from the island now, but is having difficulty reaching it.

53 Brian fiddles with the engine, which is continually backfiring

BRIAN

Christ! That shark must have bent
the drive shaft when he passed
beneath us!

Peter looks at him.

PETER

So what do we do?

BRIAN

Nothing. The current will carry us
in.

The two women gaze at the island as night rapidly falls.

54 EXT. MENARD'S COTTAGE. NIGHT

SOMEONE'S P.O.V. as CAMERA ADVANCES through the tropical
vegetation towards Menard's cottage.

Old Miguel, sitting on the verandah steps, senses something
and stands up suspiciously.

He looks around slowly, listening, then suddenly his mouth
drops open in terror. He starts to back away, then turns
and runs out of sight.

54 CAMERA, still from SOMEONE'S P.O.V., now FRAMES one of the cottage's lighted windows.

55 INT. MENARD'S COTTAGE. NIGHT

Paola takes off all her clothes, then enters the bathroom to have a shower.

She stands beneath the warm spray, savoring the feel of it.

56 EXT. MENARD'S COTTAGE. NIGHT

Still from SOMEONE'S P.O.V., CAMERA continues ADVANCING on the cottage and STOPS directly beneath the bathroom window.

Paola is outlined beyond the window, through which the SOUND of the running shower can be heard.

A male hand in advanced stages of decomposition enters FRAME to slowly SCRATCH at the window pane.

57 INT. BATHROOM. MENARD'S COTTAGE. NIGHT

Because of the shower it takes Paola a moment to hear the SCRATCHING at the window.

She is not sure what it is at first and turns to look at the

57. window.

Now she hears it clearly.

She turns off the water.

PAOLA

Is someone out there?

Not hearing a reply, she walks over to the window, not sure whether to open it or not.

58 EXT. MENARD'S COTTAGE. NIGHT

Paola's silhouette just inside the window.

We see her reach down to open it.

59 INT./EXT. BATHROOM. MENARD'S COTTAGE. NIGHT

DETAIL of Paola's hand slowly turning the latch on the window.

She pauses for a second then suddenly throws the window open.

It is dark outside, and she is struck by a gust of cold air.

She leans out, sees nothing, and closes the window.

PAOLA

(to herself)

Crazy old nigger!

59 She examines her haggard, drawn features in the mirror and realizes she had been frightened for a moment.

She turns off the light and walks out of the bathroom.

60 INT. HALLWAY. BEDROOM. MENARD'S COTTAGE. NIGHT

DETAIL of Paola's bare feet leaving wet footprints on the matting that covers the floor of the hallway.

Reaching the bedroom, she turns on the bedside lamp, opens the drawer in the nightstand and rummages through it until finding a small bottles of tranquillizers.

She takes it out and turns off the light.

61 INT. KITCHEN. MENARD'S COTTAGE. NIGHT

After taking a glass out of the cabinet Paola walks over to the sink and turns on the cold water faucet.

She is about to fill the glass when a sinister CREAKING NOISE stops her.

Petrified, she turns to stare at the open doorway and the darkness of the hall beyond.

The noise has been followed by a heavy silence, except for

61 the SOUND of the RUNNING faucet.

Paola listens for a moment, then is about to relax when another NOISE causes her to tense. This one is different, strange, almost indescribable, like that of a cat SCRATCHING against a door.

She is genuinely frightened now.

PAOLA

Who... Who's there?... Miguel? Is
that you?

SILENCE. She starts to move slowly towards the hall. One step, two, she is about to take the third when there is a LOUD CRASH of wood and glass BREAKING, as if an entire wall had just been knocked down.

Paola jumps, then grabs the kitchen door and tries to close it. She knows someone is after her. But the door won't close all the way; something is blocking it no matter how hard she pushes.

Then, in the two or three inches separating the edge of the door from its frame four fingers appear. Thick, black, the skin strangely parched and peeling.

Seeing them, Paola SCREAMS and hurls herself against the door in an effort to close it.

- 61 Whoever is on the opposite side is much stronger, and the door inexorably begins to open.

Paola is desperate and at a loss. She plants her feet firmly on the floor, then looks around and sees a kitchen knife lying on the counter.

It is less than a meter away, but she is afraid that if she reaches for it her aggressor will be able to open the door completely.

The four fingers, in fact, are making headway.

Gasping, Paola tries reaching out with her left hand. It barely reaches the knife's handle.

The door opens another couple of inches.

Her hand comes closer to the knife then finally manages to grasp the handle.

The blade gleams then strikes at the four black fingers in blind fury.

The door's wood is splintered, the pointed end of the knife snaps off, two of the fingers are completely severed and fall to the floor.

The hand is withdrawn.

61 Paola manages to shut the door and quickly locks it.

But before she can catch her breath the door is struck a tremendous BLOW from the other side and shudders ominously.

This is followed by a second BLOW, which knocks off some plaster from around the hinges.

Another BLOW and one of the hinges flies out of the wall, which is beginning to crack.

Paola tries to move the cabinet. It is extremely heavy, and at first her efforts seem in vain. Then she manages to move it, but only a couple of centimeters.

The door is STRUCK again, and this time a long vertical crack appears in the wood.

62 INT. HALLWAY. KITCHEN. MENARD COTTAGE. NIGHT

From her AGGRESSOR'S P.O.V. out in the hall we can SEE, through the opening in the door, part of the kitchen and Paola's head as she struggles to push the cabinet.

63 INT. KITCHEN. MENARD'S COTTAGE. NIGHT

The cabinet won't slide anymore due to a bump in the kitchen

63 floor.

Paola hurries round to the other side and tries to lift it over the bump.

In doing this, however, she has placed her back to the door, which is less than half a meter away.

She bends down, strains, and manages to lift one edge of the cabinet just as a black arm comes CRASHING through the door.

The fingers grab her by the hair.

Paola SCREAMS and brings her hands up, trying to free herself, but the arm begins to recede back through the hole in the door.

Paola is pulled along with it. The arm has already disappeared and Paola's hair is beginning to follow it through the hole.

Paola realizes that he is trying to pull her through as well, through the irregular, jagged hole in the door about four and a half feet above the floor.

She struggles desperately, but the man is stronger. Her head is very close to the opening now.

She tries to grab onto the cabinet, the doorknob, anything.

Her hair is pulled taut. Some of it comes out, tearing her

63 scalp, which starts to ooze blood.

Paola's hand relaxes its grip on the doorknob.

Her head passes through the hole, whose splintered, jagged edges scratch her face and scalp.

One of the jagged points is on a level with her eyes. She stares in horror as her head is brought closer and closer to it until the sharp, wooden point pierces one of her eyeballs.

Paola SCREAMS in terror and pain.

The splintered edges of the hole - large and small - lacerate her face, dig into her cheeks. One of them penetrates a lip.

Paola's head is completely through the hole now.

64 INT. HALLWAY. MENARD'S COTTAGE. NIGHT

Paola's head is now sticking through the hole in the door and into the dark hallway.

In her last seconds of life, with the only eye she has left, she is confronted by an image of indefinable terror: a hideous face coming out of the darkness at her, mouth open and about to bite...

QUICK CUT TO:

65. EXT. SEA. SMALL INLET. ISLAND OF MATUL. DAWN

The burning sun emerging from beyond the horizon.

The boat, carried by the current, heads slowly toward a small, natural inlet on the island's coast.

It is about one hundred meters from the shore.

66 EXT. CLUSTER OF VEGETATION. BEACH. SEA. DAY

SOMEONE'S P.O.V., through the foliage, of the boat as it slowly drifts toward the beach.

67 EXT. ABANDONED VILLAGE. DAY

Clara, Dr. Menard's assistant, is heading toward the abandoned village.

She walks quickly, hands in the pockets of her once white smock, hugging it tight around her.

The gusts of wind create small eddies of dried leaves and scraps of paper.

Clara heads towards one of the huts.

68 EXT. INLET. DAY

The boat washes up onto the beach, its prow wedging into the sand.

Brian leaps agilely over the side, landing, barefoot, in about six inches of water.

Peter throws the anchor.

Susan and Ann jump out, followed by Peter.

Brian and Peter pull the boat up onto the beach.

69 INT. HUT. ABANDONED VILLAGE. DAY

An empty bottle lying on its side atop a roughly hewn table.

Menard's head lies next to it. He has evidently gotten drunk and fallen asleep on the table.

Clara is standing in the hut's open doorway, staring at the doctor in silence. Then she walks over to him, calling softly:

ASSISTANT
Doctor... Doctor Menard...

69 She shakes him by the shoulder. Menard moves, lets out a GRUNT, then opens his bloodshot eyes and peers at Clara. He has trouble focusing on her but soon regains his former authority.

MENARD

What is it, Clara? Haven't you ever seen a drunk?

ASSISTANT

(drily)

Mathias...

MENARD

Mathias, what...?

ASSISTANT

He's... he's...

Menard jumps up, knocking over the table and the bottle, which SHATTERS on the floor. He is unsteady on his feet.

MENARD

Go on, say it... or don't you have the nerve?

ASSISTANT

I don't believe in voodoo.

69 Menard's eyes narrow, becoming inquisitorial and cautious.

MENARD

Neither do I. But we've both seen them. You and I... You did see them, didn't you?

Clara hesitates, then gives him a quick, nervous nod.

MENARD

Good girl. And you've come to tell me that Mathias is one of them now.

Menard straightens up, throwing his shoulders back, trying to give himself a dignified bearing.

MENARD

I am a doctor. My duty is to save lives.

Clara is unable to keep herself from blurting:

ASSISTANT

But they aren't...

Now it is Menard's turn to cut her short:

MENARD

Who is to say? You?! We are
(CONT)

69

MENARD (cont.)

studying a phenomenon which the local natives attribute to one of their voodoo rites. Right now we are merely a bit disoriented because ... because...

He rubs his face with one hand, then looks at Clara as if he were only now aware of her presence: his drunkenness has passed.

MENARD

Forgive me, Clara, I had too much to drink. Come, let's go take care of Mathias before it's too late.

They head for the door of the hut.

70 EXT. BOAT. INLET. DAY

The stern of the boat is barely in the water.

Brian and Peter are examining the drive shaft, which looks bent.

Together, they try straightening it with their bare hands, but are forced to give up.

70

BRIAN

Christ! It's useless!

PETER

What now?

They look at one another, then at the two women sitting on the sand about ten meters away.

Moving along one side of the boat, the two men slowly walk back up onto the beach.

BRIAN

Hmm, what now... We've got two possibilities: We either take a hike inland to look for help, or...

Peter looks at him, impatient:

PETER

Or...?

BRIAN

There are some flares in the boat. We could send up a couple. Somebody might see them.

PETER

Maybe...

70

SUSAN

(calling to them)

Hey! I'm starving!

71 INT. SACRISTY. HOSPITAL (OLD CHURCH). DAY

Inside the sacristy, which is now being used as the hospital mortuary, a corpse wrapped in a sheet and tied with rope lies on a bench.

Standing over it are Menard and his assistant. The doctor is holding his old-fashioned revolver in one hand. He stares at the corpse.

MENARD

Poor Mathias...

He raises the gun and fires a SHOT, at point-blank range, into what is presumably the cadaver's head.

72 EXT. INLET. DAY

Brian FIRES two flares into the sky.

Susan and Ann are eating sandwiches.

73 INT. SACRISTY. HOSPITAL (OLD CHURCH). DAY

A red stain begins to spread out from the bullet hole in the sheet.

Menard walks around the bench to pick the corpse up by the shoulders.

MENARD

(to Clara)

Come on, let's not waste time.

Clara grabs the corpse by the ankles.

They carry it towards the door that leads outside.

74 EXT. SACRISTY. OLD CHURCH. DAY

Standing in the yard behind the sacristy, next to a recently dug ditch, is Lucas, the young mulatto. He is gazing up at the sky.

Behind him, the small sacristy door opens and Menard and Clara appear, carrying Mathias' corpse.

Hearing them, the mulatto turns quickly and points to the sky, saying:

74

LUCAS

Doctor! Doctor!

MENARD

What is it, Lucas?

Lucas drops his shovel and hurries over to him.

LUCAS

Rockets!... Someone is shooting
rockets!

Menard and Clara set the corpse down on the ground.

MENARD

Could you tell where they were coming
from?

LUCAS

Yes. From the small cove West of
here.

MENARD

(to Clara)

You two take care of Mathias. I'll
go have a look...

ASSISTANT

(smiles)

Yes, Doctor.

74 Menard walks away.

Lucas shakes his head.

LUCAS

I wonder who it was...?

ASSISTANT

We'll know soon enough. Come now,
let's get to work.

Lucas nods, grabs the corpse, and drags it over to the edge of the ditch.

We can now SEE inside the ditch. It contains three or four corpses, similar to Mathias', piled on top of one another. Each is wrapped up and tied, with a bullet hole in the head.

Lucas slides Mathias' corpse into the ditch, then he turns to Clara:

LUCAS

Shall I close it up?

CLARA

Not yet. There are two more who
are going to die soon.

75 INT. HOSPITAL (OLD CHURCH). DAY

The makeshift hospital ward is plunged into semi-darkness.

Apart from two empty beds, the others are still occupied.

The "patients" are all tied firmly to their beds and are clearly very sick, bathed in sweat and delirious.

One of them is a young, pretty mulatto girl who is tossing this way and that and raving deliriously in Spanish:

MULATTO GIRL

"Ay, Manuel, mi amante... Porque
llevas un manto negro de muerte?
Porqué? Yo te he visto, aspirando
con el aliento que exhala la muerte...
Manuel, mi Manuel... Tu corazón está
muerto... Mas yo te he visto caminar..."
(Oh Manuel, my lover... Why are you
wearing a black cloak of death? Why?
I have seen you, breathing the breath
that exhales death... Manuel, my
Manuel... Your heart is dead... But
I have seen you walking...)

76 EXT. ABANDONED VILLAGE. DAY

The desolation of the deserted village.

76 From a distance we SEE a man step out from behind a hut, stagger wearily across the main road, and disappear behind another hut.

The wind brings us the SOUND of a distant, obsessive DRUM BEAT.

77 EXT. PATH. DAY

Menard's Range Rover advances at a fast clip along a narrow, uneven path.

78 EXT./INT. PATH. / RANGE ROVER. DAY

Menard is driving. Next to him sit Ann and Peter. In the back, with the baggage, are Brian and Susan.

Menard stares, tensely, at the road ahead while talking to Ann about her father:

MENARD

Your father was a courageous man.
We met a few years ago, and whenever
he could he would come to spend a few
weeks here on Matul... When... when
he fell ill, instead of leaving the

(CONT)

78

MENARD (cont.)

island, as I suggested, he insisted on staying. He said I was to take the opportunity to use him as a guinea pig in my search for a remedy for the horror that is destroying Matul.

The memory causes him to tighten his grip on the wheel until his knuckles are white.

Ann scrutinizes him, as do the others.

EXTREME CLOSE UP of Menard:

MENARD

I remember the day when...

79 INT. MENARD'S OFFICE. HOSPITAL (OLD CHURCH). DAY

FLASHBACK:

Menard is seated at his desk, absorbed in some books on medicine.

All of a sudden Clara bursts into the room.

ASSISTANT

Doctor...!

79 Menard looks up.

ASSISTANT

Your friend... Quick!

Menard jumps up, knocking over the chair, and hurries out.

80 INT. HOSPITAL (OLD CHURCH). DAY

FLASHBACK cont'd.:

Menard hurries into the ward, followed by his assistant, and stops at a bed that is somewhat isolated from the others.

Lying in it is a thin, emaciated man of around fifty, glassy-eyed, flushed with fever, and wracked by violent, spasmodic shivering.

As soon as Menard is next to him, the man - who is Ann's father - grabs both his hands in a vise-like grip, and rivets him with his feverish gaze.

ANN'S FATHER

It's... it's over... for now... I can feel Death approaching very fast... I have only two things to ask of you: Make sure my daughter receives that letter I wrote her... And see to it that my body rests in peace...

80 Menard lowers his head, fighting back the tears welling up in his eyes.

His hands, still locked in Ann's father's trembling grip, are suddenly still.

Only now does Menard look up again.

81 INT. SACRISTY. OLD CHURCH. DAY

FLASHBACK cont'd.:

Like Mathias, the corpse belonging to Ann's father is wrapped in a white sheet tied with some rope and lying on the bench in the former sacristy.

Menard is alone in the room with it.

MENARD'S VOICE (OFF)

I spent the rest of the day watching over his corpse, until sunset...

He is standing over the corpse, head bowed, one hand holding the old revolver.

All of a sudden there appears to be a movement beneath the sheet. In effect, the corpse seems to have come back to life.

Menard, eyes filled with tears, raises the gun and aims it

81 at the corpse's head.

He hesitates for a moment.

The body, despite the sheet, is slowly starting to sit up.

Menard squeezes the trigger.

Then, as the body falls back, the gun slips out of Menard's hand and hits the floor with a THUD.

Attracted by the SOUND of the SHOT, Clara runs into the sacristy.

MENARD

Tell the men on the boat they can
leave.

END OF FLASHBACK.

82 EXT./INT. PATH. RANGE ROVER. DAY

Menard's eyes have finished seeing those terrible moments again.

Ann assaults him with questions:

82

ANN

What did my father die of? What is
the horrible secret of this island?
What happened to the boat's crew?

Peter, who has been silent until now, feels his reporter's
instincts returning:

PETER

Yes, Doctor, what is all this about
dead people who come back to life and
have to be killed a second time? What
the devil's going on?

Menard nervously shifts gears.

MENARD

Have you ever heard of voodoo?

Now it is Brian's turn to intervene:

BRIAN

Voodoo?!... You can't be serious!
I've been studying the people and
customs of these islands for ten
years, and if you discount the
element of superstition, voodoo is
nothing more than the amalgamation

(CONT)

82

BRIAN (cont.)

of two different forms of religion:
the Catholicism brought over by the
Spanish conquistadores, and the
original beliefs the black slaves
brought with them from Africa.

Menard turns to look at Brian.

MENARD

Nice-sounding words, Professor...

BRIAN

Call me Brian.

MENARD

Voodoo or not, on this island the
dead have stood up and walked again.
I've seen it with my own eyes.

PETER

Impossible!

MENARD

That's what I've been repeating to
myself for the past two months.
That's why I've stayed, to try and
understand. The natives talk about

(CONT)

82

BRIAN (cont.)

zombies created through voodoo by an
evil witch doctor. I think there is
an explanation.

PETER

Where...?

83 EXT. ABANDONED VILLAGE. DAY

The Range Rover drives through the abandoned village on its
way to the old church.

84 EXT./INT. HOSPITAL (OLD CHURCH). RANGE ROVER. DAY

Through the Range Rover's windshield the old church can be
SEEN looming up ahead.

MENARD

We're almost there.

85 EXT. HOSPITAL (OLD CHURCH). DAY

The Range Rover pulls to a stop about ten meters away from
the old church and Lucas the mulatto hurries over to open
the vehicle's doors.

85

LUCAS

Doctor...

Menard gets out.

MENARD

What is it, Lucas?

LUCAS

El señor Fritz... He hurt himself in
the village.

MENARD

What happened to him?

Lucas shrugs.

LUCAS

Who knows? Clara is taking care of
him.

Menard looks perplexed.

MENARD

Hmmm, the old house...

ANN

(worried)

Bad news?

85. Menard shrugs.

MENARD

I'm used to it. Fritz Singer, the only other white man here besides me and my wife was bitten by a zombie a few days ago. I hope to be able to save him, otherwise I won't have anyone to play chess with anymore.

PETER

Is there anything we can do?

MENARD

No. That is, yes. I left my wife in our cottage with an old manservant. I'd be grateful if you'd go pay her a visit, introduce yourselves and all that. Your company will do her good until I can get back.

Brian climbs back into the Range Rover, followed by Susan, Ann, and Peter.

BRIAN

Okay. Which way is it?

85

MENARD

You can't miss it. Follow the trail
for eight, nine miles and you'll
drive right into it.

PETER

See you this evening, then...?

MENARD

Yes, this evening.

Peter, who is behind the wheel, switches on the engine.

Menard watches them drive off, then turns to Lucas:

MENARD

Come on, let's go see what damage
Señor Fritz has done to himself.

They head towards the church.

86 INT. MENARD'S OFFICE. HOSPITAL (OLD CHURCH). DAY

Fritz is lying on a cot in Menard's office. His shirt is
unbuttoned, and his left arm has been tightly bandaged.
There are bloodstains on the gauze. Fritz is a slender,
almost frail-looking man, fairly advanced in years.

86 Clara is sitting on a chair next to the cot.

As the door opens and Menard appears, she turns and stands u

ASSISTANT

I thought it best if I brought him
here.

MENARD

You did well, Clara.

She moves out of his way as he approaches the cot.
Menard smiles down at Fritz and takes his hand.

MENARD

What happened, Fritz?

Fritz attempts a smile in return.

FRITZ

I have seen Death, doctor...

MENARD

Come now, an old soldier like your-
self...

FRITZ

Balls! I saw him and now I'm afraid
of my sins.

86

MENARD

Where did you see him?

FRITZ

In the village.

Menard turns quickly to Clara:

MENARD

Tell Lucas to bolt all the doors.

CLARA

(nodding)

Yes, Doctor.

She walks out, and Menard turns back to Fritz.

FRITZ

(shaking his head)

It's useless to bolt the doors.

They'll still come. They'll destroy
us.

87 INT. HOSPITAL (OLD CHURCH). DAY

Lucas closes the church's front door and bars it.

88 INT. SACRISTY. HOSPITAL (OLD CHURCH). DAY

Lucas bolts the sacristy's external door.

89 INT. HOSPITAL (OLD CHURCH). DAY

Lucas closes and bolts another door.

90 EXT. ABANDONED VILLAGE. DAY

The village.

The deserted road.

The man we saw before plods stiffly across the road, arms stretched out in front of him.

He advances slowly towards CAMERA, obliquely.

Now we SEE him in profile. His clothing is torn and tattered yet he looks normal enough except for his strange way of walking.

As he comes closer he turns and we suddenly SEE the other side of his face: The flesh is decomposing and swarming with maggots.

91 EXT. TRAIL. DAY

SHOT of the Range Rover speeding along the trail.

92 INT. HOSPITAL (OLD CHURCH). DAY

A room near the sacristy where the church furnishings have been stored: benches, crucifixes, confessionals, etc.

Clara and Menard are in the room. The doctor is allowing himself a few minutes to smoke a cigarette. He looks at Clara, who is silent, perhaps worried, but more likely, frightened.

MENARD

I think the situation can still be kept under control. If I didn't, I would have already told you to leave.

CLARA

I know.

MENARD :

But we must also be ready to face difficult, even terrible moments.

CLARA

I know that too.

92 Menard's mind wanders for a moment, as if it were following another thought.

CLARA

If there's nothing else, I better get back to the patients.

Menards nods. Clara walks off.

93 EXT. TRAIL. DAY

Another SHOT of the Range Rover as it proceeds along the trail.

94 INT./EXT. RANGE ROVER. TRAIL. MENARD'S COTTAGE. DAY

Brian turns to Peter:

BRIAN

We should have gone about eight or nine miles by now.

PETER

More or less, yeah.

Susan looks worried.

94

SUSAN

I say let's get the boat fixed and
get out of here as soon as we can!

BRIAN

Relax, honey...

The cottage appears up ahead.

ANN

That must be it.

PETER

I hope so.

95 EXT. MENARD'S COTTAGE. DAY

The Range Rover pulls up outside the cottage.
The four of them get out and look around.

BRIAN

It's a nice spot... Our doctor
friend treats himself well.

PETER

I think there's something fishy
about him.

95 Ann takes Peter by the arm:

ANN

Ssshhh! His wife might be able to hear us.

SUSAN

I don't give a shit who's listening.
This island gives me the creeps.
Let's get out of here.

BRIAN

You've already said that.

Meanwhile, they have reached the verandah.

Brian, who is in the lead, stops, looks at the others, then KNOCKS on the frame of the screen door.

BRIAN

Mrs. Menard!... Mrs. Menard!

He waits, then turns to the others:

BRIAN

Looks like no one's home. What'll we do now?

Peter steps forward and pushes the door open.

95

PETER

Let's go in, maybe she didn't hear us.

96 INT. MENARD'S COTTAGE. DAY

Peter and the others have no sooner stepped inside, when the door behind them is SLAMMED shut.

They all turn in surprise.

SUSAN & ANN

(terrified SCREAMS)

Brian and Peter can feel their blood run cold.

PETER

Holy Christ!

The door has been shut by a man who is clearly a walking corpse. But what is even more terrifying are the three other zombies sitting in a corner, on the floor, devouring human limbs, which are probably what is left of Paola, Menard's wife.

One of the three is an old hag whose face has been mutilated by decay. She is sinking her teeth into a handful of bloody innards.

One of the two with her is gnawing on a piece of leg, while

96 the third one is chewing on a heart.

Needless to say, it is a ghastly, blood-curdling sight.

The zombie that has shut the door and who, evidently, had been hiding behind it, advances stiffly toward the four visitors.

Brian and Peter place the two women behind them:

BRIAN

Get back... back!

Peter, meanwhile, knocks a table over to block the zombie's path.

PETER

Quick! The window!

But one of the three who is eating gets up to stop them.

Peter, however, still manages to KNOCK OUT one of the windows, and yells to the two women:

PETER

Ann! Susan! Go on! Jump out!

Hurry!

The two women climb quickly out the window.

96

PETER

Go on, Brian!

BRIAN

Okay...

Brian is about to throw his leg over the sill when he feels something grab him by the shoulder. At the same time Peter SHOUTS:

PETER

Watch out!

Brian wheels around and punches the zombie with a roundhouse right that sends him reeling, then jumps out the window, followed immediately by Peter.

97 EXT. WINDOW. MENARD'S COTTAGE. DAY

Ann is watching Peter climb out the window.

ANN

Peter! For God's sake, hurry!

She continually looks around in alarm, but there don't seem to be any zombies outside.

PETER

Where are Brian and Susan?

97

ANN

In the car.

SHOT of Susan and Brian already in the Range Rover.

PETER

(to Ann)

Come on!

He and Ann run over to the car.

98 EXT. MENARD'S COTTAGE. DAY

Peter and Ann reach the Range Rover.

BRIAN

(shouting)

Hurry!

They leap inside, where Brian is already behind the wheel with Susan next to him.

After a quick U-turn, the Range Rover speeds away down the trail.

99 EXT. TRAIL. DAY

SHOT of the fleeing Range Rover.

100 INT./EXT. RANGE ROVER. TRAIL. DAY

Brian grips the wheel, concentrating on the road.

Susan, too, is staring straight ahead, her eyes still mirroring the horror they saw, her hands trembling.

In the back seat, Ann is curled up in Peter's arms like a puppy seeking reassurance.

ANN

(to herself)

My father... My father became one of those awful...

Peter strokes her hair.

PETER

Try not to think about... We'll be back at the hospital soon and then we're getting out of here. We've seen enough.

BRIAN

You said it!

101 INT. HOSPITAL (OLD CHURCH). DAY

Only two beds in the ward are occupied now, the rest empty.

101 The interior is pervaded by an atmosphere of death.

102 INT. SACRISTY. HOSPITAL (OLD CHURCH). DAY

EXTREME CLOSE UP of the mouth of a gun as it FIRES.

A hole appears in the head of another shrouded corpse.

Menard leans back against the wall with a sigh, gazing at the corpse he has just shot.

On the floor lie three more, which haven't been taken outside for reasons of safety.

103 EXT. TRAIL. DAY

Another SHOT of the Range Rover bouncing along at high speed.

104 INT./EXT. RANGE ROVER. TRAIL. DAY

Brian suddenly sees a zombie step onto the trail up ahead, as if to stop the car.

BRIAN

Holy shit!

104 He heads straight for it, ready for anything.

105 EXT. TRAIL. DAY

The Range Rover hits the zombie at full speed, knocking him off the trail like a rag-doll. But it also swerves out of control.

It zig-zagz for about twenty meters before CRASHING into a tree.

106 INT./EXT. RANGE ROVER. TRAIL. DAY

Brian and Susan are thrown against the windshield as Ann and Peter tumble against the back of the front seat.

All of them are momentarily stunned, more shaken than hurt. Then Brian looks at Susan:

BRIAN

Sue, you alright?

SUSAN

Yes... I'm okay.

He turns to the other two:

106

BRIAN

How about you two?

ANN

I think I'm still in one piece.

BRIAN

What about you, Peter?

Peter's ankle is wedged beneath the front seat's metal frame. He tries to smile as he frees his foot.

PETER

Just my ankle. It's a bit sore.

Brian tries to start the car up again, but his efforts are in vain.

BRIAN

Looks like we're going to have to walk it. Does everyone think they can make it?

PETER

We don't have much choice...

The two men look at one another.
Brian opens the door.

106

BRIAN

Let's get moving, then. I'd prefer
to reach the hospital before dark.

PETER

You and me both!

They all climb out.

THROUGH THE WINDSHIELD we SEE them walking away; Peter being
helped by Brian, the two women right behind them.

They disappear round a bend in the trail.

107 INT. HOSPITAL (OLD CHURCH). DAY

Lucas is straightening up the vacant beds when Menard appears,
outlined behind him.

MENARD

(wearily)

Lucas, why is this all happening?

Lucas turns to look at him, but doesn't reply.

MENARD

(wearily, insisting)

Is it voodoo?

107

LUCAS

Lucas doesn't know. My father's father used to say: When the earth spits out her dead you will know the horror of your sins.

Menard shrugs.

MENARD

Nonsense... That's nothing but superstition.

Lucas observes him with a strange, ironic smile.

LUCAS

You're right, Doctor. You know many more things than Lucas.

MENARD

I don't believe voodoo can wake up the dead.

LUCAS

I don't believe the dead are dead...

The two men look at one another.

108 EXT. TRAIL. SUNSET

The air is filled with the tom-tom's obsessive BEAT.

Ann looks around.

ANN

Drums...

PETER

They sound close, too.

Susan snaps nervously:

SUSAN

I hate them. Goddamned drums! Why
don't they stop?!

Brian stops to listen, then turns to the others:

BRIAN

It's a voodoo ritual.

The other three stare at him.

BRIAN

(continuing)

I recognize it. I've heard it
before.

108

PETER

Yeah, right. Anyway, let's hurry up, it's going to be dark soon.

BRIAN

Yes. We better keep moving.

They resume walking, though it is becoming increasingly difficult for Peter, whose ankle is swelling.

109 EXT. TRAIL. OLD SPANISH GRAVEYARD. SUNSET

DETAIL of Peter's ankle, which is badly swollen now and bleeding from where it was scraped.

Peter's face is twisted in pain. He looks at the others.

PETER

I can't go any further. I've got to stop for a bit. You guys go on, I'll try and catch up.

ANN

Don't be ridiculous!

BRIAN

Ann's right. We'll all stop for a minute. Besides, we shouldn't be

(CONT)

109

BRIAN (cont.)
that far from the hospital.

Susan gazes at their surroundings, and notices a sort of clearing just off the trail.

SUSAN

We can sit down over there.

Peter nods.

Ann lets him lean on her.

ANN

Come on... Just take it slowly...

The four of them step off the trail and head for the clearing.

110 EXT. OLD SPANISH GRAVEYARD. SUNSET

Peter eases himself to the ground with a sigh.

Ann sits down beside him.

Brian keeps going, followed at a short distance by Susan.

The intensity of the TOM-TOMS increases.

PETER

I can't stand those fucking drums!

110

ANN

Neither can I.

Brian and Susan are now about twenty meters away from them. While walking, Brian sees something sticking out of the ground. He bends down to look. A metallic gleam.

He starts digging with his hands and eventually unearths a Spanish helmet.

SUSAN

What is it?

BRIAN

(holding it up)

A helmet... A pretty old one, I'd say.

Glancing around, he notices, not too far away, a rotting wooden cross that has been uprooted.

BRIAN

Hey, look at that!

He walks over to it and notices that there are more further on.

Susan catches up with him.

110

BRIAN

Looks like we've ended up in one of
the conquistadore's cemeteries...

Peter turns to Ann,

PETER

What are they doing over there?

ANN

I don't know... How's your ankle?

PETER

So-so...

They look at one another.

PETER

I'm sorry I dragged you into all
this.

ANN

I wanted to know what happened to
my father, didn't I...?

PETER

Listen. When... when we get back to
New York...

110

ANN

(interrupting)

Don't... Don't say anything you might
regret later.

Peter doesn't say any more, and looks away, until he feels
her stroke his hair.

He turns to look at her. Ann is visibly tense.

ANN

I'm... I'm so afraid we're not going
to get off this island.

PETER

Well, we're sure as hell going to
try.

The BEAT of the drums is at a fever pitch now and sounds
incredibly close.

Peter brings his face close to hers. Their lips barely touch.

Ann lies down and looks away.

Peter turns toward her.

PETER

What's the matter?

110 The night falls suddenly.

ANN

Nothing.

The clearing fills with shadows.

Brian and Susan leave the helmets and crosses and start back toward Peter and Ann.

Peter and Ann are still gazing into each other's eyes and, for a moment, seem oblivious to everything else.

Then, without warning, the ground relinquishes its horror: A putrefied hand suddenly emerges from the grass and grabs hold of Ann's hair. She SCREAMS.

Peter quickly recovers from the shock and tries to pry the fingers loose from her hair. But another hand shoots up out of the ground and grabs his injured leg.

Peter YELLS, kicks, and tries to get up.

Brian, hearing their CRIES, starts running toward them then stops in his tracks at a SHRIEK from Susan behind him:

110

SUSAN

Brian! Help!... Brian...!

The ground in front of her is beginning to move, then suddenly disgorges a figure that looks as if it came straight from Hell.

Susan freezes, confronted with the most frightening thing she has ever seen.

The emerging dead man straightens up to full height, with a hideous leer on his half-decayed face.

Susan is unable to move, and before Brian can do anything, the zombie grabs her, sinks his teeth into her neck, and tears off a chunk that lays bare the bone. The blood from her jugular spurts out like a fountain.

Susan crumples to the ground as Brian hurls himself at the zombie, flailing with his fists until it falls. Then, before the creature can get up again, Brian picks up an old cross and bludgeons the zombie with it until he cracks its skull.

Peter, meanwhile, has managed to get to his feet and is trying to help Ann up as well. At the same time he kicks at the hands sticking up out of the ground around them, which is roiling now.

110 Another corpse is emerging, half of its body already decomposed and crawling with worms.

The movements of the dead are slow and robot-like.

Brian is kneeling next to Susan, whose blood has gathered in a puddle next to her.

He is clutching both her hands in his.

BRIAN

Sue, say something, please! Susan!

Then he wheels around, having seen something move out of the corner of his eye.

It is another zombie.

He stands up to confront it and beats it with the iron cross he had found. The zombie falls.

Peter and Ann run over to him. Ann kneels down to look at Susan while Peter grabs Brian by the arm.

PETER

Brian, come on! We've got to get out of here before it's too late!

Brian is beside himself with grief and rage:

110

BRIAN

I'm going to kill them all!

Peter looks at Ann, who nods toward Susan:

ANN

She's dead.

Peter shakes Brian violently.

PETER

Did you hear that? She's dead! It's
useless to stay here, or we'll be
dead too!

Brian, recovering somewhat, slowly nods:

BRIAN

Alright... Let's go, let's go....

The three of them head for the trail as fast as they can,
Ann and Brian helping Peter.

They finally reach it, leaving behind them three or four
zombies that stumble about, bumping into one another.

111 EXT. TRAIL. NIGHT

Ann, Peter, and Brian run along the trail as fast as Peter's ankle will allow.

About thirty meters behind, the silhouettes of the zombies, following them.

112 EWT. HOSPITAL (OLD CHURCH). NIGHT

SHOT of the old church, shrouded in the night's shadows.

In the distance, the ever-present BEAT of the tom-toms.

113 EXT. ABANDONED VILLAGE. NIGHT

SHOT of the abandoned village.

114 EXT. MENARD'S COTTAGE. NIGHT

The zombies come out of the cottage.

There are seven of them in all.

They move through the night, heading toward the trail.

115 EXT. OLD SPANISH GRAVEYARD. NIGHT

The roiling ground.

P.O.V. OF AN EMERGING ZOMBIE: the ground opening up overhead; the black sky; the blacker tops of the trees.

Another corpse has come back to life and plods towards the trail.

The ground opens again, and again.

116 EXT. ABANDONED VILLAGE. NIGHT

Three gigantic silhouettes, walking stiffly through the abandoned village, heading for the old church.

117 EXT. TRAIL. OLD CHURCH. NIGHT

Peter is panting heavily, at the end of his strength. He is forced to literally drag his leg along because of his ankle.

Ann and Brian are holding him up.

ANN

Come on, grit your teeth, we're almost there.

117

PETER

I can't go any further, I can't...

His muscles suddenly slacken and he crumples to the ground. Brian looks down at him and decides to use shock tactics:

BRIAN

(shouting, as if angry)

Christ, Peter, do'nt tell me you're giving up now?!

Peter looks up at him.

PETER

Oh leave me alone.

Ann looks over her shoulder.

Some distance behind them, on the trail, two zombie figures have appeared.

Ann grabs Peter by the arm and tries to pull him up.

ANN

Here they come! Get up!

Peter shakes his head, but Brian bends down and hoists him up onto his back.

117 They go a couple of steps further and are suddenly within sight of the old church.

BRIAN

We made it! We made it!

118 INT. HOSPITAL (OLD CHURCH). NIGHT

Menard is checking the conditions of the only two patients left in the ward.

Clara is with him.

MENARD

They're failing rapidly.

ASSISTANT

Shall I continue the transfusions?

MENARD

It's useless, they're about to die
and---

He is interrupted by a violent BANGING on the church's main door. Menard turns to look at it.

BRIAN (OFF)

Dr. Menard! Dr. Menard! Open the
door! Quick! Dr. Menard!

119 EXT. PORTAL. OLD CHURCH. NIGHT

Brian beats his fists against the portal, which is suddenly opened by Menard.

BRIAN

Quick... they're coming!

Menard lets Brian, Peter, and Ann in then shuts the huge door again.

120 INT. HOSPITAL (OLD CHURCH). NIGHT

As Menard quickly bars the door, Peter addresses him excitedly

PETER

The dead are coming back to life.

There are scores of them out there!

121 EXT. PORTAL. OLD CHURCH. NIGHT

Three or four zombies reach the portal, which has just been closed.

They begin to BEAT on it with their arms and hands, staggering about and bumping into one another.

122 EXT. SIDE DOOR. OLD CHURCH. NIGHT

Four or five more zombies have reached the door to the sacristy.

They crowd around it with their hideous leers and gruesome, decomposing limbs.

123 INT. HOSPITAL (OLD CHURCH). NIGHT

Menard disinfects Peter's injured ankle then binds it.

MENARD

What about... my wife...?

Brian looks at him without saying anything.

MENARD

I see... I've just realized that Susan is missing as well. I can only hope they didn't suffer.

Clara, meanwhile, is giving something hot to drink to Ann, who is sitting on the edge of a bed.

ANN

(to Clara)

Thank you... I needed that.

123 Brian lights himself a cigarette, then turns to Menard:

BRIAN

What exactly are they?

Menard finishes dressing Peter's ankle, then walks over to Brian:

MENARD

I don't know. The whole thing began about three months ago when a fisherman said he saw his wife walking around after she had been dead for two days. No one paid much attention to him at the time. In this part of the world there's always been a lot of talk about voodoo and zombies...

124 EXT. OLD CHURCH. NIGHT

SHOT of three or four zombies moving stiffly along the outside wall of the old church.

125 INT. HOSPITAL (OLD CHURCH). NIGHT

EXTREME CLOSE UP of Menard as he continues:

125

MENARD

Then a young boy came to the hospital with a terrible infection in one arm. He said he had been bitten by a dead man. He died within a day, and an hour after his death...

CLOSE UP of Brian:

BRIAN

What happened?

MENARD

He came back to life, if you can call it life. Ever since then the number of people bitten by the dead has multiplied. I tried to understand the phenomenon in order to develop a cure, some sort of antidote, promising myself to study the causes at some later date. I don't believe in voodoo.

Clara calls to him:

ASSISTANT

Doctor...

Menard turns to look at her:

125

MENARD

What is it?

She points to the two beds where the last two patients are lying.

ASSISTANT

They're dead.

MENARD

Tell Lucas to take them into the sacristy.

He turns back to Brian:

MENARD

As I was saying, I don't believe in voodoo yet I'm having difficulty in coming up with a logical explanation.

As Menard talks, behind him, in the b.g., we SEE Lucas carry the two bodies out one at a time.

MENARD

(continuing)

Magic, radiations, a simple yet unknown biological phenomenon, Divine Will, some sort of catalepsy, a virus... Take your pick.

125 Their attention is distracted by more violent BANGING on the doors of the church.

126 EXT. PORTAL. OLD CHURCH. NIGHT

The number of zombies has increased. There are now about twenty of them, including Susan.

They have all crowded together to BANG and push at the door. A seething, hideous crowd of corpses with festering wounds, decaying limbs, etc.

They push against the door with bloodthirsty determination.

127 INT. HOSPITAL (OLD CHURCH). NIGHT

Brian, after another glance at the door, turns to Menard:

BRIAN

Will it hold?

MENARD

I don't know.

Ann looks at them, then walks over to Peter and takes his hand.

PETER

What's happening?

127

ANN

Don't worry... We're safe. For the moment, at least...

Brian and Menard, meanwhile, have gone over to the door to check it.

The door shudders but seems to hold.

BRIAN

There must be something we can do...?

Menard pulls out his pistol, which Brian takes.

MENARD

I have a rifle as well. In my office. And there are two drums of kerosene in the sacristy.

BRIAN

You go get the rifle, I'll deal with the kerosene.

Menard nods and walks off as Brian goes over to Peter and Ann. He gives Menard's pistol to Peter.

BRIAN

You two stay here, but if the door should give, don't play hero.

127

PETER

Don't worry.

Brian gives them a wink of encouragement, then turns to Clara

BRIAN

You come with me and tell Lucas to
bring me as many empty bottles as
he can find.

He heads for the sacristy, followed by Clara.

128 EXT. SACRISTY DOOR. OLD CHURCH. NIGHT

About ten zombies are pushing against the sacristy door,
BEATING it with their peeling, raw fists, mouths hanging
open and drooling.

129 INT. CORRIDOR. HOSPITAL (OLD CHURCH). NIGHT

Menard is moving down a corridor, on his way to his office.

130 INT. SACRISTY. HOSPITAL (OLD CHURCH). NIGHT

The sacristy's outside door is moving visibly beneath the
zombies' POUNDING.

130 Brian darts a worried glance at it then returns his attention to the barrel of kerosene in front of him.

Helped by Clara and Lucas, he is preparing rudimentary molotov cocktails.

He and Lucas fill the bottles with kerosene while Clara stuffs the tops with wicks made of torn cloth.

131 INT. MENARD'S OFFICE. HOSPITAL (OLD CHURCH). NIGHT

Menard steps into his office, tense and preoccupied.

He walks over to a cabinet and opens it. Inside, among other things, is an M1 carbine.

He takes it out, plus a box of bullets, and begins to load the weapon. All of a sudden he hears a SOUND behind him. He turns and sees Fritz standing less than a yard away.

Fritz, who is now a zombie.

Menard GASPS in shock, which gives Fritz the time to grab him and bite a chunk of flesh out of the doctor's neck.

Menard SCREAMS, kicking and struggling, but Fritz throws him to the floor and sinks his teeth into his throat.

Menard's blood gushes out of his severed jugular, accompanied by a horrible, gurgled SCREAM of death.

132 INT. SACRISTY. HOSPITAL (OLD CHURCH). NIGHT

Brian hears the scream and freezes, then curses:

BRIAN

Christ!

He snatches up a couple of molotovs and heads for the door, saying to Clara and Lucas:

BRIAN

You two keep working!

133 INT. CORRIDOR. HOSPITAL (OLD CHURCH). NIGHT

Brian is in the corridor.

He sees the door to Menard's office open.

For a moment nothing happens, then Fritz appears, silhouetted, in the doorway.

He advances slowly, face smeared with Menard's blood.

Using his lighter, Brian lights the wick on one of the molotovs and hurls it at Fritz.

The bottle explodes against the wall near the zombie in a

133 BURST of flame. Fritz recoils, as if frightened.

Brian lights and throws the second bottle which hits Fritz, turning him into a walking torch.

He doesn't cry out but continues to move, slowly, while burning. An incredible sight, which Brian observes in horror and disgust.

134 INT. SACRISTY. HOSPITAL (OLD CHURCH). NIGHT

Lucas and Clara continue making molotovs.

Neither one of them notices that behind them one of the two latest corpses, which Menard didn't have time to shoot in the head, is moving.

The dead man reaches out for Lucas.

Clara senses something, turns, sees what is happening, and SCREAMS.

Lucas turns as well, but it is too late. The zombie is on him and with one bite practically tears his arm off.

135 INT. MENARD'S OFFICE. HOSPITAL (OLD CHURCH). NIGHT

Brian is bent over Menard's body. Hearing Clara's SCREAMS,

135. he picks up the rifle and dashes out of the room.

136 INT. SACRISTY. HOSPITAL (OLD CHURCH). NIGHT

Clara is standing with her back against the wall, terrified.

The last two patients - zombies now - are stalking her.

Lucas's bleeding, torn body is on the floor.

Clara lets out another SCREAM.

The zombies start to grab her.

ASSISTANT

No!... Noooooo!

Brian appears in the doorway with the carbine.

DETAIL of the rifle as it FIRES.

One of the zombies, struck by more than one bullet, falls to the floor and remains motionless.

The other one turns his attention to Brian, who continues firing until the magazine is empty.

Brian grips the rifle by the stock and deals a violent blow

136 to the zombie's head.

Stumbling backward, the zombie falls against the door, moving the bolt.

The door flies open and a sea of leering monsters pours into the sacristy.

With lightning reflexes, Brian grabs a couple of molotovs, lights them, and hurls them at the crowd of zombies.

Struck by the flames, they back away.

Brian throws another molotov, then quickly reloads the carbin and FIRES several shots into the gruesome throng.

He turns to Clara and grabs her by the hand:

BRIAN

Come on, let's get out of here!

Clara is terrified, but doesn't move.

Brian starts to pull her, but just then Lucas leaps up from the floor and bites Vlara on the chest.

Brian hits him on the head with the rifle-butt, but Lucas manages to bite Clara again, on the neck.

136 Brian places the end of the carbine's barrel against the mulatto's ear and FIRES.

137 INT. HOSPITAL (OLD CHURCH). NIGHT

Ann is sitting tensely next to Peter, still holding his hand.

PETER

Try and stay calm.

ANN

What do you think is happening back there?

PETER

I don't know, but we can always go have a look.

ANN

No, Peter, not with your ankle.

But he has already pushes himself off the bed just as Brian enters the room from the sacristy, with two or three molotovs in one hand, the carbine in the other.

PETER

What's going on?

137

BRIAN

They've broken in...!

Ann pales.

ANN

Oh my God! What are we going to do?!

BRIAN

I've got an idea. It's risky, but
it may be our only way out.

PETER

Okay... What is it?

138 EXT. PORTAL. HOSPITAL (OLD CHURCH). NIGHT

The group of zombies that includes Susan is still pushing
against the main door.

All of a sudden it swings open and about thirty zombies rush
into the hospital.

139 INT. HOSPITAL (OLD CHURCH). NIGHT

The zombies stream toward the center of the hospital ward
that was once the church's nave.

139 Their movements, as usual, are slow and uncertain as they bump into beds, each other, knock things over, in their search for the living.

Brian, Peter, and Ann are flattened against the wall just behind the door, having let them in on purpose.

BRIAN

Now!

Ann throws the lighted molotovs into the pack of zombies.

Peter FIRES at them with Menard's pistol.

Brian FIRES with the carbine.

The molotovs EXPLODE amidst the zombies. About ten of them become enveloped in flames.

VARIOUS DETAILS:

- Zombie heads struck by bullets.
- The carbine FIRING.
- The pistol FIRING.
- Peter's face; Ann's; Brian's.
- Burning zombies.
- Another molotov being thrown.

It is a veritable massacre as zombies topple over by the handful.

139 Some writhe desperately as they burn.

Others try to get to Ann, Peter, and Brian.

Finally, all the zombies have been felled except for one:
Susan.

Looking like some grisly monster from Hell, she advances
toward Brian.

Brian holds his fire, watching her come.

Ann and Peter look from one to the other as Susan gets closer
and closer.

She is now less than two steps away, and reaches out.

Brian can't bring himself to shoot her.

Peter realizes this and SHOUTS:

PETER

Brian! Now!

But Brian's decision comes a split-second too late. By the
time he raises the rifle Susan is already on him.

Her teeth tear a piece of flesh out of his arm.

139 Peter FIRES at her.

Struck in the shoulder, Susan falls to her knees and from this position sinks her teeth into Brian's thigh.

It is at this point that Brian places the gun against her head and FIRES.

Susan topples over and lies still.

Brian stares at her, stunned.

Peter tries to shake him to his senses:

PETER

Brian! Come on! Let's go!

BRIAN

Yes. We better get to the boat.

Peter and Ann hurry out of the church.

Brian takes one last look at Susan's corpse, then follows them, ignoring his wounds.

140 EXT. OPEN SEA. MOVING BOAT. DAY

The boat is heading out to sea, far from the island now.

141 EXT. DECK. BOAT. DAY

Brian, Ann, and Peter smile at one another.

ANN

For a moment there I didn't think
we'd make it.

BRIAN

(to Peter)

You and I have got some work to do
if we want to keep this tub afloat.
First thing to be---

He doesn't finish the sentence, and has suddenly turned pale

PETER

What's wrong?

BRIAN

Nothing... nothing...

Then he collapses onto the deck.

Ann and Peter lean over him.

ANN

What's the matter?

141

BRIAN

I don't know. I feel so cold and...
and...

He grabs Peter by the arm, clinging to him.

BRIAN

I don't want to become like...

PETER

Don't get excited. We'll do all we
can.

BRIAN

Get me back to New York... Anything
... but save me...

He faints.

Peter and Ann look at one another in silence. Their joy
at having escaped from the island is gone.

142 INT. CABIN. BOAT. DAY

Brian is on one of the bunks, tossing and turning. He has
a high fever and is delirious.

Ann sits next to him, changing the damp cloth on his forehead.

143

PETER

What do you say we try to get something on the radio?... It might cheer us up.

He turns it on, but instead of music, they hear the grave VOICE of an announcer:

RADIO VOICE

... that the police have managed to isolate the harbor area, confining the phenomenon to that part of the city. There are, as yet, no plausible explanations for these "living dead" or, as they are more commonly known: zombies.

Ann switches off the radio and looks at Peter with a bitter smile:

ANN

What will happen now?

Peter doesn't say anything.

144 INT. CABIN. BOAT. DAY

The door to the bilge. Someone is BEATING on it from inside with increasing vehemence.

FRAME FREEZES, then is SUPERIMPOSED with:

THE END